

## Choice Poetry.

## PENNSYLVANIA FOR THE UNION.

BY A. J. H. DEAN.

March for Pennsylvania! she's blowing up at last!  
Like a red furnace, molten, with Freedom's rushing blast!  
From all her mines the war-light shines, and out of her  
iron hills, a  
The glorious fire leaps higher and higher, till all the land  
is lit!  
From valleys green and mountain blue the yeomanry  
arise,  
And leave the fumes burning, and the axen at their plow;  
Up from highland and headland, they meet in forest and  
plain,  
By the blast of their fiery beacons, in the land of Anthony  
Wayne!

March for Pennsylvania! her sons are chopping hands,  
Down from the Alleghenies, and up from Jersey's sands;  
Juniata fair to the Delaware, is winding her battle bars;  
And the Susquehanna, like warlike banner, is bright with  
Stripes and Stars;  
And the hunter across his rifle, and the boatman grinds  
his knife,  
And the lover leaves his sweetheart, and the husband  
leaves his wife;  
And the women go out in the harvest, and gather the golden  
grain,  
While the bearded men are marching in the land of Anthony  
Wayne!

March for Pennsylvania! through every vale and glen!  
Beating, like resolute pulses, the heart of the tread of men;  
From Erie's lake her legions break from Tuscarora's  
cave;  
And with ringing shouts they are tramping out from brave  
old Valley Forge;  
And up from the plains of Paoli the minute-men march  
once more;  
And they sweep the sword of their fathers, and the flag  
of their fathers hoist,  
And they march, as they rush to battle, that never shall  
sweatly strain  
Dishevel a blade or a banner in the land of Anthony  
Wayne!

March for Pennsylvania! she fears no traitor's hand;  
Unshaken, on all her borders, by loyal souls and sword;  
From Delaware's strand to Maryland, and bright Ohio's  
margin,  
Each freeman's hand is battle-brood, each freeman's  
heart her target;  
And she stands, like an ocean leviathan, in fierce Rebel  
ships' path,  
And shivers its angry surges, and baffles its angry wrath;  
And the tide of Liberty's torrent shall dash on her in vain—  
Rolling back from the ramparts of Freedom—from the land of  
Anthony Wayne!

March for Pennsylvania! we hear her sounding call—  
Rising on Liberty's summons from Independence Hall!  
That toils long, with iron clang, in the Revolution's hour,  
And its ringing gale, through the hearts of men, with a  
terrible gulf and roar;  
And all the people here—this mandate old and grand:  
"Preamble to the uttermost extent that Liberty loves the  
land!"

And all the people here—it that brave and loyal strain—  
On the borders of Pennsylvania—the land of Anthony  
Wayne!

March for Pennsylvania! And let her soldiers march  
Under the Arch of Triumph—the Union's star-lit Arch!  
With banners proud, and trumpets loud, they come from  
border fray—  
From the battle-field where hearts were shields, to bar the  
Leviathan's way!

March for Pennsylvania! Her soldiers will march  
Beneath her ancient banner—the Keystone of our Arch!  
And all the mighty Northland will swell the triumph strain,  
From the land of Pennsylvania—the land of Anthony  
Wayne!

## Miscellaneous.

## ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH.—You'll be glad to learn that I've made a good impression on the mind of the landlord of the Green Lion tavern. He made a speech about me, last night. Bino in the bar, he spoke as follows, there being over 20 individuals present:—"This North American has been an inmate of my house over two weeks, yet he hasn't made no attempt to scalp any member of my family. He hasn't broke no cups or saucers, or furniture of any kind. [Hear, hear.] I find I can trust him with lighted candles. He says he's a writer with a knife and fork. People of this kind should be encouraged. I propose to 'elb' [Loud plows.]

What could I do but modestly get up and express a fervent hope that the Atlantic cable would bind the two countries still more closely together? The landlord said my speech was full of originality, but his idea was, the old stage-coach was more safer, and he tho't the people would indorse the opibyan in doo tips.

and white kid gloves sing t'other night.) Never don't let us despise a man because he wears a ragged coat! I don't know as we do, by the way, tho' we gen'ally get out of his way pretty rapid; prob'ly on account of the pity which tears our bosoms for his unhappy condition.

This last remark is a sarkastic and wither'n thrust at them blotted people who live in gilded saloons. I tho't I'd explain the meanin' to you. I frekently know one man—he's a man of varied accomplishments—who often reads my articles over 20 times afore he can make anything of 'em at all. Our skoolmaster says this is a peccoliaraty of geneeys. My wife says it is a peccoliaraty of infernal nosenes. She's a exceedin' practical woman. I lov her muchly, however, and humer her little ways. It's a reekin' falsehood that she henpecks me, and the young man in the naberhood who said to me, one evenin', as I was mistein' my disfavm with a gentle cock-tail at the village tavern—who said to me in this very langwidge, "Go home, old man, onlem you desire to have another teapot thro'v' at you by B. J.," prob'ly regrets havin' said so. I said, "Betsy Jane is my wife's front name, gentle youth, and I permits no person to aloud to her as B. J., outside of the family circle, of which I am principally a myself. Your other observations I scorn and disgust, and I most polish you off." He was a sloboddy young man, and removin' his coat, he inquired if I wanted to be ground to powder? I said yes; if there was a powder-grindin' handy, nothin' would afford me greater pleasure, when he struck me a painful blow into my right eye, causin' me to make a rapid retreat into the fire place. I hadn't no idee that the enemy was so well organized. But I rallied, and went for him in a rayther vigris stile for my time of life. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state 15 minits had only elapst afore the first act, when he was carid home on a shutter. His mamma met the solum procession at the door, and after keerkfully looking her off-spring over, she said: "My son, I see it distinctly. You've been foolin' round a thrashin' masheen. You went in at the place where they put the grain in, cum out with the straw, and you got up into the thimgamjig, and let the hosses tread on you, didn't you, my son?" The pen of no living orter could describe that disfortin' young man's sivation more clearer. But I was sorry for him, and I went and nussed him till he got well. His reg'lar original father bin' absent to the war, I told him I'd be a father to him myself. He smilt a sickly smile, and said I'd already been was than two fathers to him.

I will here observe that fitin' orter be allus avoided, excep' in extreme cases. My principle is, if a man smites me on the right cheek, I'll turn the left to him, prob'ly; but if he insinuates that my gran'mother wasn't all right, I'll punch his had. But fitin' is mis'ble business, gen'ally speaking, and whenever any enterprising countryman of mine comes over here to scoop up a Briton in the prize ring, I'm allus excessively tickled when he gets scuffed himself, which it is a sad fact has thus far been the case—my only sorer bein' that t'other fellow wasn't scuffed likewise. It's diff'rently with scullin' boats, which is a manly sport, and I can only explain Mr. Hemmills' recent defeat in this country on the ground that he wasn't used to British water. I hope this explanation will be entirely satisfact'ry to all.

As I remarked afore, I'm getting on well. I'm aware that I'm in the great metropolis of the world, and it doesn't make me unhappy to admit the fact. A man is a man who dispoits it. That's all that ails him. I know there is a sum of people who cum over here and snap and snarl about this and that. I know one man who says it is a shame and disgrace that St. Paul's church isn't a older edifice; he says it should be years and even ages older than it is; but I decline to hold myself responsible for the conduct of this idly simply because he's my countryman. I sposs every civilized country is endowed with its full share of gibberin' idylts, and it can't be helpt—leastwise I can't think of any effectool plan of helpin' it.

I'm a little sorry you've got politics over here, but I shall not discuss 'em with nobody. Tear me to pieces with wild omnibus hosses, and I won't dikuss 'em. I've had quite enuff of 'em at home, thank you. I was at Birmingham t'other night, and went to the great meetin' for a few minits, I hadn't been in the hall long when a stern-lookin' artizan said to me:

"You ar from Wales?"  
No, I told him I didn't think I was. A hidys that flashed over me. It was of that unprincipled teler, and I said: "Has my clothin' a Welch appearance?"  
"Not by no means," he answered, and then he said, "And what is your opinin of the present crisis?"

I said, "I don't sackly know. Have you got it very bad?"  
He replied, "Sir, it is sweepin over England like the Cymoon of the desert!"  
"Wall," I said "let it sweep!"  
He ceased me by the arm, and said, "Let us glance at hist'ry. It is now sam 2,000 years—"

"Is it, indeed?" I replied.  
"Listen!" he fiercely cried: "it is only a little over 2,000 years since—"  
"Oh, bother!" I remarked, let us go out and get some beer?"  
"No, sir. I want no grog and sent-

al beer. I'll not move from this spot till I can vote. Who ar you?"

I handed him my card, which, in addition to my name, contains a elabrit description of my show. "Now, sir," I proudly said, "you know me?"  
"I solumly swear," he sternly replied, "that I never heard of you, or your show, in my life!"

"And this man," I cried bitterly, "calls himself a intelligent man, and thinks he orter be allowed to vote! What a holler mockery!"

I've no objection to every intelligent man votin' if he wants to. It's a pleasant amusemunt, no doubt; but there is those whose ignorance is so dense and loathsome that they shouldn't be trusted with a ballot any more than my trained serpents should be trusted with a child to play with.

I went to the station, with the view of retainin' to town on the cars. "This way, sir," said the guard; "here you ar," and he pointed to a first-class carriage, the occupant of which was rather prepossessin' female of about 30 summers.

"No, I thank you," I earnestly replied, "I prefer to walk."

I am, dear sir,

Very respectfully, yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

NABBY.

The October Elections.—Mr. Nabby's Opinion on the Cause of the Defeat of the President.

Post Office, CONFIDENTIAL X ROADS, (which is in the State of Kentucky.)

October 14, 1866.

I was called in haste to Washington to be present at a cabinet meeting called to consider the cause of the unparalleled loss in the National Union Johnson Democratic party in the various States which held elections on the 9th of October last. There was Seward, Wells, McCulloch and Randall present, but we missed Raymond and Bescher, they havin' understood, played off onto us.

The President was gloomy. He hadn't anticipated the defeat. He expected that hevin' showed himself through all the Northern States there ought to be an enthusiasm enough evolved to have carried him without trouble. The fault he remarked coodent be with his policy.—There wuz suthin so grand, so sublimely simple in it, that it was incomprehensible to him why the people hadn't at once adopted it. "Why look at it," said he, "offer the people up the North peace, on the ample condishun av sayin' nothin' more about the war, or the mutual trouble which they found themselves into and rush into the arms av their Southern brethren and takin' up them back jist as they went out. How, oh! how cood they be so blind as to refuse these olive branches?"

Randall replied that he coodent no way understand it, but he had summoned a Postmaster to attend, which he had appointed on his solemn assurance that he cood carry enough Republicans over to our new party to defeat the Union member in that district, which he noted by the papers was elected by a larger majority than he had ever received, and he wuz in watin'.

"Bring in the wretch," shouted the President, and the guard bring him in. A mizable lookin' object he wuz. Ez soon ez he saw the stern eye av the President fixed onto him, he sank to his knees and lifted up his hands implorinly, without sayin' a word.

"Speak," said the President, "why the result in your District?"  
"My liege," replied the wretched man, "I know not. Faithfully I labored, but the people wuz come into the house holdin' their noses and set a holdin' av em so long ez I wuz speakin, which wuzn't conducive to displays av oratory. The papers wuz publish my own utterances six months before, which confound me somewhat, and the abolitionists would read at my your speeches which I coodn't akkont for. I saked for you suthin like a dozen votes, but they wuz set as stipulated for places under me, and I had hard work to git 'em, from the Union party, and they were sich ez did us more harm than good. And besides—"

"Enough!" said Johnson, "remove him."  
And the poor fellow wuz bundled out. Secretary Wells knowd what wuz the matter. It cum av takin Grant and Farrygt along on the excursion. It distracted the attention av the people. Had there bin nobody but the President and the cabinet along there woudent hev bin nobody to hurrah for, and the sublime trooths which the President kin only jerk wud hev impressed the people more than they did.

Berks County, which is in Pennsylvania, and is distinguished for the unanimity with which they vote Democracy. They learned down there mor'n six weeks ago that the war wuz over, and therefore yoo coodent stir 'em up on drafts. The taxes they had got used to, and that didn't move 'em, and so the speaker wuz emptyin' school houses by talkin' av the results av a glorious war, which they all opposed, and praisin our mutual friend Seward, which they had allus hated as a Ablishinist and hadn't heard yet that we had joined the Democracy. Wuz it any wonder that he went under? Ther sint but one thing left to us, and that wuz strangely neglected. My lord, why wuz the Nixon not made the central figger this year ez heretofore? He is the capital av the Democracy—its refuge—its tower av strength. I spoke in Berks County myself, followin' one av them new fangled Democrats who had set 'em all asleep talkin' stuff to 'em they didn't understand. Mountain the rostrum, I ejaculated—

"MEN AND BROTHERN, DO TOO WANT TO MARRY A NIGGER?"

"No no!" they answered, straightenin' up to wunat.

"Do yoo want niggers for sons-in-law?"

"No! No!"

"Do yoo want laws to prevent yoo from marryin' niggers?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Do yoo want to be marched up to the polls, by those who tell you how to vote, beside a nigger?"

"No! no!"

"Then vote the Democratic ticket," and they all replied—

"We will! we will!" and they did.

You see, yoo Egglesey, the Democrat mind isn't belfy enough to comprehend them fine arguments ez to constitutional, et atry, and when a speaker deals in 'em they suspect his Dimokriy and fight 'av 'em. But nigger they kin all understand. It's suthin to the Democrat mind to be continuously told that there is somebody lower down in the scale—they desire a inferior race, and therefore, hev bin pullin' the nigger down toward 'em for years. Did yoo not notice whenever we went in on the nigger we succeeded in awakenin an enthusiasm which, when we neglected or selected other issues we failed to get?

It's based upon philosophical trooths. The poorer and messer a man is the more anxious he is to hev it understood that there's somebody still poorer and messer than him. Hence yoo notice that them individuals who see a 5 cent peese so seldom ez not to know its nacher, and who keep the flag av distress wavin from the seat av their pants; who, of niggers wuz sellin at a cent a peese, coodent raise enough to buy the too nail av one, is the most ardent friends av slavery?

That pitiful man with jist left the presence wuz not to blame for the result in his district. He tried to earn his bread, but wuz he cood do? The Ablishinists knowd he wuz bought with a price, and laided at him—the Democracy, sich ez voted, w'd hev got anyhow. Them ez didn't vote nor do nothin, wuz the upper class, which expected the officers themselves, and wuz disgusted accordingly.

"My liege, I hev spoke. Yoo cant do nothin with a new party, for yoo kin only git the Democracy to jine it, and they wont do it unless the offices are throwed in. Yoo cant run the Democracy on only wan issue, and that's the nigger, for all the plans which is reached by the earth at that point of its orbit, and through which the earth is several hours in passing, although observations have not been sufficient numerous to establish the exact period of the earth's arrival at this part of its orbit. During the flight of meteors in November, 1863, much apprehension was manifested from the fear that one or more of these asteroids would come into collision with the earth; but hitherto no disastrous consequences have ensued from this grand celestial display, and, although there is some reason to believe that an event of this kind is possible, scientific men unite in the opinion that such a calamity is not within the bounds of probability.

CURE FOR THE AGUE.—The following receipt was obtained from a military hospital, in which it had been found most valuable as an effectual remedy:— Dissolve sixteen grains of the salts of wormwood, thirty grains of snakeroot, and one ounce of the best bark, in either a pint or a gill of brandy, with water added sufficient to make it a pint. Take a wine glass half filled every morning at eleven o'clock. When the disorder has disappeared, still continue to take the doses for a few days. On the days when the fit usually comes on, the medicine should be taken just at the time it is expected.

COOK ORZANES.—Grate the corn; to every pint take three well beaten eggs, sufficient flour to make the corn hold together in the shape of fried oysters.—Season with pepper and salt, and brown on a griddle. Serve with butter. They must be made quite soft, or they will not cook through thoroughly.

Oil paint applied to houses and barns, outbuildings and fences, will last much longer and harder better if put on as late as the middle of autumn, instead of during the heat of summer.

Electricians aver that the setting of telegraph wires over a city is a great protection against lightning.

## Useful and Curious.

## THE EXPECTED METEORIC SHOWER IN NOVEMBER.

## The Showers in 1799 and 1833.

## WASHINGTON, D. C., October 7.

Professor Fergusson, of the national observatory in this city, is making arrangements to take scientific observations on the expected meteoric display in November next. The subject of meteors and shooting stars has engaged the attention of eminent astronomers within the last century to a greater extent than ever before; among them Prof. Olmstead, Twining and Newton have written valuable papers in connection with it.

The appearance of shooting stars is quite common, but in the months of August and November of each year they are seen in greater numbers—generally about the 12th of November. The great meteoric shower of 1799 seems to have drawn the attention of astronomers more particularly to this subject, and from that time to the recurrence of the meteoric showers in 1833, and up to the present day, they have been endeavoring to refer the different phases and characteristics of the phenomenon to known laws, and to establish the exact anniversary of its appearance.

Thus far the more brilliant of these meteoric showers have occurred at intervals of thirty-three years; that of 1833 was especially distinguished by the immense number of moving meteors to be seen at once, and for the remarkable size and splendor of many of them. Among the myriads of blazing meteors visible on that occasion, one was seen at several places on this continent. It was recognized by several observers by its extraordinary size and brilliancy, as well as by the length of time it remained visible, which was about ten minutes. The luminous train seemed to follow the meteor in a serpentine course, and finally disappeared in a vast nebulous cloud, many times larger than the moon, and which continued to move onward with a velocity greater than the clouds.

The meteoric displays of 1799 and 1833 were characterized by the fall of meteorites, which, rushing towards the surface of the earth with a loud noise, penetrated beneath it several feet. The periodicity of these starry showers is not so definitely ascertained with regard to the day as to the year. They have occurred to a greater or less degree in the months of August and November, from 1833 to 1859; but the most remarkable of them have appeared on the 12th of November, or between that date and the 14th.

The next appearance of the meteoric phenomenon, therefore, is expected on or about the 12th of next month. The observations of astronomers have demonstrated that the shooting stars are more numerous between midnight and sunrise, and the majority of them agree in fixing the radiant point—that point in which the lines described by the meteors in their flight centre—in the constellation Leo, limiting the area of radiation to the immediate vicinity of Regulus in the neck of the lion. Others assign the radiant point to the constellation Orion.

The theory most generally accepted in accounting for the regular occurrence of meteoric showers, is that an unusual aggregation of these asteroids exist in the plane which is reached by the earth at that point of its orbit, and through which the earth is several hours in passing, although observations have not been sufficient numerous to establish the exact period of the earth's arrival at this part of its orbit. During the flight of meteors in November, 1863, much apprehension was manifested from the fear that one or more of these asteroids would come into collision with the earth; but hitherto no disastrous consequences have ensued from this grand celestial display, and, although there is some reason to believe that an event of this kind is possible, scientific men unite in the opinion that such a calamity is not within the bounds of probability.

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## The Fun of the Thing.

## FIRST LOVE.

## We wandered on the mountain's brow,

## At eve—my love and I—

## To watch the sunset's fiery glow,

## To hear the fir-tree's sigh.

## I wooed the maiden by my side,

## She sang her beautiful head;

## And would you know what she replied,

## And what the poet said?

## "A hoon!" said I, "tho' these fair stars,

## That gem th' all-golden west,

## And brighten through yon blue-laced bars,

## Like islands of the blest.

## "Grant me my boon, sweet maid, and leave

## Thy lover wrapped in bliss!

## Ah, heed thy stately neck, nor grieve

## To spare thy swain a kiss!"

## My goddess turned her dove-like eyes,

## And stilled her blushing fears;

## Drew near, and then—to my surprise,

## Instead—she bowed my ears!

## (ROSEMARY parodies the chorus of the "Battle Cry of Freedom," in this way.)

## Swing round the circle, Andy,

## Swing once again!

## Shouting the battle-cry of Treason.

## REMEMBERED THE TEXT.—A pious old

## lady, who was too unwell to attend meet-

## ing, used to send her thick-headed hus-

## band to church, to find out the text the

## preacher selected as the foundation of his

## discourse. The poor dunces were rarely

## fortunate enough to remember the words

## of the text, or even the chapter or the

## verse where they could be found; but one

## Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and

## with a smirk of satisfaction on his face,

## informed his wife that he could repeat

## every word, without missing a syllable.

## The words were as follows:

## "An angel came down from Heaven,

## and took a live coal from the altar."

## "I know every word," said the hus-

## band.

## "I am anxious to hear," continued the

## wife.

## "They are nice words," observed the

## husband.

## "I am glad your memory is improv-

## ing; but don't keep me in suspense, my

## dear," said she.

## "Just get your big Bible, and I will

## say the words, for I know them by heart.

## I said them a hundred times, on my way

## home."

## "Well, now, let's hear them."

## "Ahem!" said he, clearing his throat.

## "An Injun came down from New Ha-

## ven, and took a live colt by the tail, and

## jerked him out of the halter."

## The old lady fainted.

## A GOOD ONE.—An old fellow in a

## neighboring town, who is original in all

## things, especially in excessive egotism

## and profanity, and who took part in the

## late rebellion, was one day blowing in

## the village tavern to a crowd of admiring

## listeners, and boasting of his many bloody

## exploits, when he was interrupted by the

## question:

## "I say, old Joe, how many rebs did

## you kill during the war?"

## "How many did I kill, Sir? How

## many rebs did I kill? Well, I don't

## know just 'actly how many; but I know

## this much—I killed as many o' them as

## they did o' me!"

## THE BEST HE HAD.—An elderly gen-

## tleman was travelling lately, while afflic-

## For the Farmer.

## Planting Trees and Shrubs.

Autumn is considered the best time for planting deciduous trees and shrubs, and the spring for evergreens, although should September be a favorable month, evergreens can be planted with perfect safety. The soil at the time of planting should be as friable as not to adhere to the spade, which is a good rule to observe in planting at all times; the roots should not be much exposed to the air, especially if the wind be high and sharp. The hole for the reception of the tree should be one-third larger than the roots require; break the earth well at the bottom, put in as much good soil as will receive the tree from one to two inches lower than it has previously been in the nursery.—Should any of the roots be broken or mangled cut them off; then place the tree in the centre of the hole, breaking fine all the soil that is put in, at the same time shaking the stem a little to settle the soil around the roots; when full up, press all the soil down with the foot, that it may, in some degree, consolidate around the roots, and support the tree. All tall specimens should be supplied with a good stake for support, and place a small bandage around the stake and the stem where the tie is made, to prevent the bark from being skinned; this care will always repay the planter.

Trees and shrubs, if they are well arranged, are the chief ornaments; they give the most pleasure, and afford the greatest delight that we enjoy in our gardens. Although they give no sort of nourishment, and produce no edible fruits yet they are particularly grateful, and conducive to our enjoyments. Our walks in summer would be oppressive but for their agreeable shade; we would be left exposed to the chilling winds in the fall and winter but for the shelter they afford. In addition to those protections they produce a variety of foliage, and are standing ornaments that give no great trouble.

In the character of screens, they are very useful, whether to hide disagreeable objects, or as guards against the weather; or if they are planted in masses at a distance, they soon become agreeable objects, frequently improving the scenery of the place, and become objects of utility as well as ornament.

Where many shrubs are to be planted, the disposing of them properly is a matter of considerable importance to the future appearance of the whole; and, whether deciduous or evergreens be mixed or grouped, that is, indiscriminately planted together, or the evergreens placed by themselves, as is frequently done, a regular and natural arrangement is indispensable for establishing ornament. Arranging depends very much on fancy; still there should always be plenty of evergreens planted, that the whole may present a cheerful appearance in winter.—Rural Gentleman.

## Texas Fever—Its Cause.